

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

## A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 296.—THIRD SERIES. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### PRISONERS OF SILENCE.

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"Cross Currents," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER VI.

ABSOLUTELY insignificant trifles will sometimes interfere seriously with really important works. To a superior woman, with a mission for the creation of a sphere, the existence of a father suffering from the gout may prove, for the moment, an actual hindrance.

In the slight demoralisation of the household habits involved in Dr. Vallotson's illness, Constance found herself so drawn into the stream of household duties that she had scarcely an hour in the day which she could call her own.

The demand on her services came by no means exclusively from her father. Dr. Vallotson, though he submitted to have the paper read to him by his daughter, and expressed a modified satisfaction in her society, was by no means clamorous for it. But since Dr. Vallotson's illness her mother seemed to have become possessed by an insatiable desire for the girl's society and assistance. The desire was expressed—or rather demonstrated, for it never was put into words—in a hard, matter-of-fact fashion, which concealed the fact that some touch of feverish weakness lay at the bottom of it; perhaps a sense of helplessness arising from the continued uselessness of her left hand; perhaps a more general sense of physical incapacity, induced by the strain of attending to her husband at a time when her accident had left her slightly unstrung. Innumerable little domestic offices were

assigned to Constance, which kept her always about the house and in touch with her mother. When Mrs. Vallotson was with her husband, Constance was always summoned to sit with him also. When Mrs. Vallotson was alone, Constance must perforce keep her company.

Constance Vallotson had belonged, at Girton, to a set of young women whose ages ranged between eighteen and three-and-twenty years, and who had mapped out life with great satisfactoriness and completeness in a series of theories. One of these theories held that it was beneath the dignity of a truly superior woman to allow herself to be disturbed or annoyed by anything that might befall her. Consequently it is obvious that the expression which developed upon Constance's face, and the angle which became habitual to her chin during the days of Dr. Vallotson's martyrdom, can have had nothing to do with such inferior emotions as impatience and irritability.

And yet, as she pushed open the door of her own room on the fourth afternoon, it might have been said by a superficial observer that Constance Vallotson looked distinctly cross. She had just retreated, lunch being over, with a haste and secrecy which were not compatible with dignity, and her consciousness of the fact was ruffling. She had spent the whole morning looking over household linen with her mother; and she had in her pocket a long, earnest letter from a Girton friend, full of lofty views and intellectual depths, and burning with anxiety as to the effect already produced on Alnchester by the presence of "an enlightened mind."

To answer this letter, to expatiate on the field before her, and to theorise loftily on the momentary hindrances about her, would

be a task—as Constance felt—calculated to restore her to the enjoyment of that lofty disdain which was her normal attitude of mind. She shut the door of her room, sat down at her writing-table, and prepared to refresh herself accordingly.

She had finished the third closely-written sheet, and a lofty calm was settling upon her features, when the door behind her opened abruptly. The calm disappeared as if by magic before a frank, unrestrained, girlish irritability, and Constance turned, absolutely petulantly. The intruder was Mrs. Vallotson, and as the girl became aware of the fact her expression changed again. Her temper, like her supercilious self-assurance, was dominated by her mother's personality.

"There you are, child," said Mrs. Vallotson briefly. "Your father wants you to read to him."

"Has North been to him yet, mother?"

Dr. Vallotson exacted of North Branston a midday professional visit and report as to the practice, at which Constance's presence was not desired. He had not as yet come in from his morning's round, and Constance's question contained the possibility of a reprieve for her.

Almost as she finished speaking, Mrs. Vallotson, who had been standing with her hand on the door, pushed it open and stood for a moment listening intently to sounds in the hall below.

"No," she said harshly and hurriedly; "there he is now. Come down in about half an hour, Constance."

Before the girl could answer, Mrs. Vallotson had shut the door upon her and was going swiftly downstairs. Her face had lost nothing of its new haggardness in the course of the last three or four days. On the contrary, that drawn set of her features seemed to be sharpened by an air of intense, restless vitality which seemed to pervade her. As she passed, quick and resolute, along the passage to Dr. Vallotson's study, her lips were parted with a curious suggestion of breathlessness, and there was a slight grey shade about them. She seemed to make a strange point of being present during North's visits to her husband. The fact had been noticeable during each of the preceding days. And now, as she opened the door of Dr. Vallotson's study and glanced round the room, though only a minute or two had elapsed since she heard North Branston enter the house, she said quickly:

"Has North been in?"

Dr. Vallotson, the solitary occupant of the room, looked up with his face puckered into a suppressed testiness.

"No," he said. "No, he has not. Has he come in? It's getting very late."

"He's having lunch, I suppose," said Mrs. Vallotson. "He came in just now."

She crossed the room as she spoke and began, with her uninjured hand, to sort and put tidy a miscellaneous collection of books and newspapers which lay on a table. Her movements were very quick and tense.

"He is very late," repeated Dr. Vallotson fussily. "I cannot think what should have kept him. Let me see, now, what has he for this afternoon? There's old Bronson—he must certainly be seen—and Mrs. Jones. I think that's all."

North Branston's day's work, as far as Dr. Vallotson's consideration of it was concerned, consisted solely of those half-dozen cases which, had his health permitted, the latter gentleman would have taken himself; cases, for the most part, consisting of old inhabitants of Alnchester who suffered principally from hypochondria, and who enjoyed a gossip with a doctor. Neither of the cases to which Dr. Vallotson had alluded by name was of a more serious nature, and there was nothing whatever to disturb him in connection with them. And yet as Dr. Vallotson said the last words he fidgeted, moved his gouty foot testily, and groaned. Then he leaned back in his chair and drummed hesitatingly on its arm.

"There's Hatherleigh!" he said. "Now, I wonder—I wonder whether Sir William Karlslake will be expecting me?"

He seemed to be half thinking aloud, half putting out a feeler—after the manner of weak men—towards some help in coming to a decision on a question he was reluctant to answer. Mrs. Vallotson was doing her work steadily and neatly, in spite of her crippled condition, but it evidently exacted all her attention, for she did not turn round or answer on the instant, and Dr. Vallotson continued. The almost unprecedented discussion with his wife on the subject of the Karlslakes was practically forgotten by him. That is to say, the question which he had argued with temper due to oncoming gout had become a matter of indifference to him, since it affected his comfort of the moment not at all; and he was considerably exercised by the question which was disturbing his mind at this moment, and needed the relief of words.

"Four days it is, isn't it, since I was

there?" he said, cogitating with evident reluctance. "Well, I don't know—perhaps North had better—and yet I don't feel sure that Sir William would like it. What—now, what should you advise, my dear?"

His tone was eloquent of desire that Sir William should not like it. He was evidently torn between the desire of keeping the new patient to himself, and the fear lest Sir William Karslake should feel himself neglected. Against the tentative weakness and jealousy of his self-important tones, his wife's voice, as she answered him, seemed to ring with extraordinarily harsh decision.

"You will be able to go yourself in a day or two," she said. "North has quite patients enough."

The words implied no consideration for North Branston's time; they rather answered to the note of jealousy in Dr. Vallotson's tone. And as she finished speaking, North himself entered the room.

As though his wife's tone had been by no means without effect upon him, Dr. Vallotson received the younger man rather cavalierly. A sharp cross-examination ensued as to the morning's work—in which all North's own patients were ignored—to which North Branston submitted with dry indifference.

The morning being disposed of, and a momentary pause following, North turned to Mrs. Vallotson. She stood by the window with her back to the two men, silent and still.

"Adelaide," he said, "I had better look at your hand now."

The condition of Mrs. Vallotson's wounded hand had improved gradually during the last few days, but it still required medical attention. Dr. Vallotson found that his own suffering did not allow him to look to it properly, so that North had to supply his place.

He had spoken in a cold, business-like tone, and for an instant she took no notice; then she turned slowly, and held out her hand, still without turning her eyes towards him as he came towards her. A more reluctant doctor and patient it would have been impossible to imagine.

He unrolled the bandages in silence with deft fingers, and then, as though the constraint of the position affected him in spite of himself, he glanced round to Dr. Vallotson and said:

"Where can I go for you this afternoon?"

The needs of old Mr. Bronson and of Mrs. Jones were laid before him with pompous minuteness, and as Dr. Vallotson finished his instructions North said briefly:

"What about Hatherleigh Grange?" He paused and glanced up at Mrs. Vallotson. "Did I hurt you, Adelaide?" Then, as she made no answer, he continued: "Is there any need to go there?"

Dr. Vallotson's answer was sharp-toned and decisive in proportion to his previous uncertainty.

"Certainly not!" he said. "I shall go there myself in a day or two! You'll have quite enough to do to get through your afternoon's work, as it is."

North made the slightest possible gesture of acquiescence.

"As you like!" he said. "That's finished, Adelaide. There's nothing more, then?"

And a moment later he had left the room.

Dr. Vallotson's words as to North Branston's afternoon's work, little as their speaker realised the facts of the case, were perfectly true. Old Mr. Bronson and Mrs. Jones found themselves disposed of in about seven minutes each; and their subsequent strictures to their respective families on Dr. Branston and all his ways and works were far from complimentary. Nevertheless, four hours, and four very hard-working hours, had elapsed before North Branston reached his home again.

A day's work such as North had accomplished is calculated to produce fatigue enough to temper the geniality of the most genial of men. It was the night of his dinner engagement with Archdeacon French, and North Branston's face as he entered the Archdeacon's drawing-room, tired as it was, was also at its most cynical and impassive.

Archdeacon French was a childless man. His family consisted of his wife, a delicate little woman, who looked older than he did. If Mrs. French was inclined to share the popular view of North Branston, rather than that held by her husband, the fact evinced itself only in a slight touch of stately elaboration, in the charming manner with which she invariably welcomed her guests; and her manner chimed absolutely harmoniously with her husband's greeting. Archdeacon French was not a demonstrative host. He received North with a tacit

assurance of pleasure which carried more weight than many words, and with a hand-clasp such as the young man had not met all day—often as his hand had been touched and shaken.

"Only ourselves, as I told you, Branston!" he said, as the gong sounded. "Take in my wife, will you?"

The conversation that ensued during dinner would have seemed to Alnchester, could it have been overheard, almost scandalising. None of the affairs of local importance; none of those topics of the moment which should naturally have come under discussion between three good citizens; neither the Bishop's bronchitis, the conduct of the Dean's eldest son, nor the imperfect lighting of the High Street, was so much as mentioned. The talk, led by the host, started with a question of European importance, and passed thence to a recent discovery which was exercising the scientific world. Archdeacon French was a good talker, and during the early part of dinner—after one shrewd glance at the grim fatigue written on his guest's face—he practically sustained the conversation. But by degrees his remarks became less complete and more suggestive; and before dinner was over, North Branston was commenting, answering, questioning, with an interest wholly at variance with his usually indifferent demeanour.

"We'll go into the library," said the Archdeacon, coffee and cigars being finished. "My wife is not good for much to-night, and I told her we would not disturb her."

The arrangement was a familiar one to Archdeacon French's guests. North followed him into a comfortable book-lined room at the back of the house, and in response to an invitation to establish himself comfortably, flung himself into an easy-chair. His face had altered marvellously since his entrance into the house; its stern passivity had left it, and it was full of keen life and thought; even the cynicism about the mouth and eyes was no longer indifferent but keenly sentient, as though its resources had been called into play. Archdeacon French established himself in an arm-chair facing him, and continued the discussion which their move had broken off.

"I don't agree with you, Branston," he said; "and I should like to convince you! The question itself is no great matter, and we are not called upon to decide it, in any case. But there seem to me to be principles behind!"

"So far we are quite at one," responded North Branston quickly, and though his tone was a little sardonic it was by no means hard. "But when we get to the principles themselves——"

"We part company?" said the elder man.

He was looking thoughtfully into the fire, and there was a touch of sadness in his voice.

"Have you no faith in the perfectibility of the race, Branston?"

There was a moment's pause, and then North Branston raised his hand and let it fall heavily upon the arm of his chair.

"None!" he said. "I see tendency in that direction, I see no means by which it may be brought about."

The words were spoken deliberately and heavily. They were a curiously direct confession of faith, and the manner of their utterance testified strikingly to the nature of the talk which had preceded them. Some men may talk for hours on intimate personal matters, and never for an instant get into touch each with the other; never reveal themselves as they are. Between others, on the contrary, a discussion of the most abstract subject will establish lines of communication by which the reality in each of the disputants is conveyed to the other insensibly, involuntarily. North Branston and his host had been discussing an educational question; nothing personal had been said on either side; but into the conversation from the first, emanating originally from Archdeacon French, and responded to in absolute unconsciousness by North, there had crept that subtle something which is most inadequately described as sympathy; and the final issue as contained in North's final words seemed neither strange nor unexpected.

North Branston's words were succeeded by a silence. The speaker sat gazing into the fire, his eyes full of sombre thought; he looked as though, with that acceptance of a stern fact to which his words had witnessed, the smaller spirit of contempt was merged for the moment in something greater. Archdeacon French was also looking at the fire; there was a deep pity in his eyes and there was a question in them, too. It was he who broke the silence. He changed his position, like a man who introduces a fresh topic of conversation, and glanced up at North Branston's face with a kindly observation, as he said:

"I heard of you, Branston, the other day



from a brother-in-law of mine in London; Slade-Fenton, you know?"

North moved and shook off something of his gravity in deference to the Archdeacon's change of tone, as he made a ready gesture of acquiescence.

"I knew Dr. Slade-Fenton was a connexion of yours!" he said. He paused, and that wider and deeper expression which lingered in his face gradually subsided. "What had Dr. Slade-Fenton to say about me, may I ask?" he said.

Archdeacon French crossed his legs and looked back again at the fire.

"He has a voice in the appointments at your old hospital," he said. "You had not heard of that, perhaps? It's a new thing? And he wrote to me of his regret that you had refused an offer made you in connection with the hospital a week or so ago!"

Archdeacon French did not look at his guest. Apparently a shrewd delicacy of tact prevented it. But he was keenly conscious of the change in North Branston's face during the moment's pause that followed, and the tone in which his answer came was no surprise to him.

"Dr. Slade-Fenton has always been my good friend!"

The words were formal, almost curt, and North's voice as he spoke them had a bitterly sardonic ring. Archdeacon French ignored alike the tone of the words and the pause that had preceded them.

"Yes," he said. "He has the highest respect for your powers, if I may tell you so. Some part of his regret was selfish, inasmuch as, identifying himself with the place, he felt it would have been very greatly to his advantage that you should have accepted. But he regretted it also on your account. It was a very important appointment, he tells me."

There was a very delicate and sympathetic invitation about the words, and about the tact which still refrained from looking at the young man. But there was a ring of hard reserve about North's voice as he answered briefly:

"Yes."

Archdeacon French moved. He turned towards North and let his eyes rest on the younger man's face.

"And the refusal was quite inevitable?" he said.

North made a gesture of cynical indifference.

"I suppose so," he said.

For a moment longer Archdeacon French looked at him. Then, as if recognising

the barrier which the other had deliberately raised in place of the sympathetic communion of a little while before, he turned away with a slight gesture—involuntary as it seemed—of tacit sympathy and regret, and began to speak of something else.

He began to speak, but his first words were interrupted. A servant entered the room and came up to North Branston.

"A note for you, if you please, sir. And there's a dog-cart waiting."

With a quick word of apology North opened and read the note, and then turned to his host.

"I must go, unfortunately!" he said. "The note is sent on by Dr. Vallotson, and it is urgent. Good night and many thanks."

"Good night," returned the Archdeacon; he held out his hand cordially as he spoke. "I am the loser! You've not a long drive before you, I hope!"

"Three miles," answered North carelessly. "It is to Hatherleigh Grange—the new man there, Sir William Karslake. Do you know him?"

They were at the hall-door by this time, and a moment later North Branston had swung himself into the dog-cart and was being driven rapidly through the town. He took out the note he had received and read it through again with a keen professional face; read also the notes with which Dr. Vallotson had supplemented it.

Then he spoke to the groom who was driving him.

"Stop at Dr. Vallotson's as you pass," he said. "Here it is!"

The man touched his hat and obeyed, and North jumped down and went quickly into the house, along the passage, and into his own room. He chose out the drugs he had come to seek, and left the room again.

He had just shut the door of the room behind him when the door of the drawing-room opened suddenly, and Mrs. Vallotson came out. She saw him on the instant; they were indeed almost face to face; and she stopped short.

She had been moving abruptly, almost violently, and the absolute dead stillness to which her movements gave place produced, in its extraordinary contrast, a very strange effect. For a moment, influenced by it in spite of himself, North also stood motionless confronting her. The light of the hall lamp shone full on him, while she stood in shadow; he could only dimly see her face, but it struck him

gradually that it was quite white. She did not move, but stood there with her eyes fixed upon him.

"Is anything the matter, Adelaide?"

The words came from him almost involuntarily, and they were followed by an instant's dead pause. Then to his great surprise Mrs. Vallotson, still with her eyes fixed on him, broke into a low, harsh laugh.

"No," she said, in an odd, hoarse voice.

"No, of course not. You are going to Hatherleigh Grange, are you not? Why don't you go?"

"I thought you wanted me," he said curtly. "Good night."

There was no answer. He strode down the passage and out of the house without looking back.

## CHICAGO IN ITS INFANCY.

### I. INCIDENTS AND FOREBODINGS.

THE City of Chicago has figured prominently in American history during the last eighty years. When some of us were children it was a mere trading-post, having few inhabitants. It is now one of the largest cities in the United States. It is finely situated on the south-west shore of Lake Michigan, being divided into three parts by the two mouths of the river from which it takes its name. It is in many respects a great city. It is a great railway centre; it has a vast commerce, both by sea and land; it has immense granaries, prodigious manufactories, and the docks for shipping extend for miles. It has been the scene of great disasters; and, while we write, is the scene of insane strikes and riots which are a disgrace to civilisation. Notwithstanding these things, however, the city contains many noble institutions, many thousands of loyal and highly respectable citizens, among whom are men and women of the highest attainments in literature, science, and all that is noble and good.

One of the many disasters which have befallen the place took place as far back as 1812. Chicago—or, as it was oftener called, Fort Dearborn—was then a remote outpost on the western limit of civilisation. It could not be called a settlement, for the only inhabitants, outside the garrison, were a few Canadians and the family of a gentleman, Mr. Kinzie, engaged in the fur trade. He was a great favourite among the Indians, who called him Shaw-ne-au-kee, and the "Silverman," on account

of his furnishing them with rings, brooches, and other silver ornaments.

The fort at Chicago was constructed with two block-houses on the southern side, and a subterranean passage to the river was intended as a means of supplying the garrison with water during a siege, or to serve as a sallyport. The garrison consisted of seventy-five men, not all available for service, officered by young men, all being under the command of Captain Heald.

Mrs. Rebecca Heald was a daughter of Colonel Wells, and her early years were spent with her uncle, Captain William Wells, who was Indian agent at Fort Wayne. Captain Wells had a romantic history. When quite young he was taken captive by the Miami Indians; adopted by the chief, Little Turtle; and trained to be a warrior. He subsequently left them and joined the Americans, but afterwards returned to the Indians, and finally filled the post mentioned above. It was at Fort Wayne that Captain Heald made the acquaintance of Miss Wells; and upon their marriage, her home was at Fort Dearborn, Chicago.

The garrison at Fort Dearborn maintained a constant and friendly intercourse with the Indians in the neighbourhood; and, as the principal chiefs seemed to be on amicable terms with the Americans, no danger was apprehended from them. The peninsula now forming the State of Michigan was then a wilderness, peopled only by savages; and intercourse between Chicago, Fort Wayne, and Detroit, was carried on by hardy travellers, who traversed the two hundred and seventy-eight miles of country amid many hardships and dangers.

It was now on the eve of the war between Great Britain and America, and a feeling of alarm and apprehension pervaded the settlers and others on the western and Canadian frontiers. The garrison at Dearborn, however, did not share these fears, trusting in the manifest friendliness of the Indians. But their confidence was misplaced, though some remained true to them.

The first alarm was given on the evening of the seventh of April, 1812.

Near the junction of the Chicago river with Lake Michigan, and directly opposite the fort, from which it was separated by the river and a few rods of sloping green turf, stood the dwelling-house and trading establishment of Mr. Kinzie. This gentleman was at home, playing the violin for

the amusement of his children, who were dancing merrily around him. Mrs. Kinzie had gone a short distance up the river to visit a sick neighbour named Burns, and she was expected to return shortly. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Kinzie rushed in.

"The Indians! the Indians!" she cried. "They are up at Lee's place killing and scalping."

"Lee's place" was a farm intersected by the river about four miles up. As soon as Mrs. Kinzie recovered sufficiently, she informed her husband that while she was at Burns's Place a man and a boy were seen running on the opposite side of the river. They called across to Burns to save himself and his family, as the Indians were at Lee's place, from which they had just escaped, and were making their way to the fort.

All was consternation now, but not to the exclusion of remedial measures. Burns and his family were hurried into two old canoes and paddled across the river to the fort, whither the man—a discharged soldier—and the boy had already come, and had told their story.

They related that, in the afternoon, a party of ten or twelve Indians, dressed and painted, had arrived at the house, and, according to the custom with the savages, had entered and seated themselves without ceremony. Something in their appearance had excited the suspicion of one of the family—a Frenchman—who observed: "I do not like the looks of these Indians; they are none of our folks. I know by their dress and paint that they are not Pottowattamies."

The soldier then bade the boy follow him, and they walked leisurely towards two canoes tied near the bank. Some of the Indians demanded where they were going. They pointed to the cattle standing among the haystacks on the opposite bank, and made signs that they must go and fodder them. When they had gained the other side of the river they pulled some hay for the cattle, and made a show of collecting them, when they gradually made a circuit, took to the woods, and so made for the fort. They had run about a quarter of a mile when they heard two guns fired; they then warned Burns's people, as we have related, and they were rescued by a party of six soldiers sent from the fort. Mrs. Burns and her infant, who was little more than a day old, being carried on their bed to the boat and conveyed with the rest to the fort.

The same afternoon a corporal and six soldiers had gone up the river to fish. Fearing they might encounter the savages, Captain Heald ordered a cannon to be fired to warn them of danger. On hearing the signal they put out their torches and dropped down the river in silence. When they reached "Lee's place" they stopped to put the inmates on their guard. All was still around the house, and as they groped their way through the darkness, and the corporal leaped the fence, they came upon the dead body of a man who had been scalped. His faithful dog stood guarding the lifeless remains. The soldiers at once made their way to the fort. The next morning an examination of the premises revealed two dead bodies. The perpetrators of these murders, it was afterwards ascertained, were a party of Winnibagoes, who had come with the determination to kill every white man, but had retreated on hearing the report of the cannon.

The inhabitants of the place included, besides those mentioned, a few discharged soldiers and some families of half-breeds. These now entrenched themselves in the "Agency House," a log building standing near the fort. The piazzas front and back were planked up, and port-holes cut, where sentinels were posted at night.

The above occurrences kept the inmates of the fort in a state of apprehension for some time, but weeks passed without any further incident.

In the afternoon of the seventh of August following, a Pottowattamie chief arrived at the fort with despatches from General Hull at Detroit, announcing the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain, and that the island of Mackinaw had fallen into the hands of the British. Captain Heald was ordered to evacuate the post, if practicable, and in that event to distribute all the United States property at the Factory or Agency, and also the provisions and ammunition stored in the fort, among the Indians in the neighbourhood.

After delivering his despatches, the chief, Winnimeg, requested a private interview with Mr. Kinzie, who had taken up his abode at the garrison. He stated that he was acquainted with the purport of the despatches, and earnestly advised that the fort should not be evacuated, as the garrison was well supplied with ammunition and provisions for six months. He said it would be better to remain until reinforce-

ments could be sent to their assistance. In case, however, Captain Heald should decide on leaving the fort, it should be done immediately, as the Pottowattamies, through whose country they must pass, were ignorant of the object of his mission, and a forced march might be made before the hostile Indians were prepared to intercept them.

This sensible and friendly advice Captain Heald was not willing to act upon. He thought it was his duty to obey strictly the orders sent him. He said he should collect all the Indians in the neighbourhood, and make an equitable distribution of the stores and other property. Win nimeg urged that, if he must evacuate the post, it would be better to march out and leave everything standing; since, while the Indians were dividing the spoils, the troops might possibly effect their retreat in safety.

This counsel, also, though seconded by the subordinate officers, was not approved by the Commander, and he issued his orders for the evacuation of the fort. Once more the officers waited on him, and urged that they should remain and fortify themselves as strongly as possible, in hopes that reinforcements would reach them before they could be attacked by the British from Mackinaw. But Captain Heald persisted in his plan, alleging that the distribution of the valuable property would conciliate the Indians, and induce them, upon the promise of a further reward, to escort them to Fort Wayne. The project was manifestly an unwise, if not a mad one, and great dissatisfaction prevailed among the officers and soldiers.

Meanwhile the Indians became every day more unruly, entering the fort in defiance of the sentinels, and often making their way to the officers' quarters. One of them had the audacity to take up a rifle and discharge it in the parlour of the Commandant's wife. This was thought to be a signal for a general attack, as there was vehement agitation among the Indians; but the storm had not yet fully gathered.

On the twelfth of August, the Indians from the neighbouring villages being assembled, a council was held with them, Captain Heald alone attending on the part of the military, as his officers refused to accompany him. Information had been brought to them secretly that it was the intention of the young chiefs to fall upon and murder them while in council. Captain Heald could not be persuaded of the truth of this, and therefore ventured alone,

while the officers who remained took command of the block-houses, which overlooked the esplanade on which the council was held, opening the port-holes and pointing the cannon so as to command the whole assembly.

In the council Captain Heald informed the Indians that it was his intention to distribute among them, the next day, all the goods, provisions, and ammunition which the Agency and garrison contained. He then requested of the Pottowattamies an escort to Fort Wayne, with the promise of a liberal reward. With many professions of friendship and goodwill they assented to all he proposed, and promised all he required.

After the council Mr. Kinzie, who understood the Indian character and the feeling prevalent among them, represented to the Commandant the gross impolicy of furnishing the Indians with arms and ammunition, which would surely be used against them or the defenceless settlers. Struck with the force of this reasoning, Captain Heald determined to destroy all the ammunition not necessary for his own men.

On the thirteenth the goods, consisting of blankets, broadcloth, calicoes, prints, etc., were distributed according to promise; but in the evening the ammunition was carried into the sally-port and thrown into a well, together with bags of shot, flints, gun-screws, and the muskets not needed for the march. All the barrels of liquor, too, had their heads knocked in, and the contents poured into the river.

The next day Captain Wells arrived with fifteen friendly Miami Indians. He had heard at Fort Wayne of the order for evacuating Fort Dearborn, and knowing the hostile determination of the Pottowattamies, had made a rapid march across the country to prevent the exposure of Captain Heald and the garrison to certain destruction. But it was too late. The ammunition had been destroyed and the provisions given to the Indians.

Among the Indian chiefs were several who, while they shared the general hostile feeling of their tribes towards the Americans, retained a personal regard for the troops and the few white citizens at Fort Dearborn, or Chicago. These exerted all their influence to allay the revengeful feelings of the younger men, and to avert their sanguinary designs, but without effect.

No doubt, speaking generally, the Indians had received great provocation from the Americans, whom they regarded as robbers,



wresting from them their hunting-grounds; and in not a few cases great cruelties had been inflicted on them; but, on the other hand, many of the settlers had been kind to them, and even some of the military had laid them under obligations by their generosity. The recipients of these favours were not insensible to feelings of gratitude, and some of them had a fine sense of honour not always found among people of a higher civilisation. One case in point may be given.

On the evening succeeding the last council, a conspicuous chief, Black Partridge by name, entered the quarters of the commanding officer.

"Father," said he, "I come to deliver up to you the medal I wear. It was given me by the Americans, and I have long worn it in token of our mutual friendship. But our young men are resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the whites. I cannot restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace while I am compelled to act as an enemy."

This circumstance should have been sufficient to fully open the eyes of Captain Heald, and to prove to him the folly of his confidence in the Indians. But it was too late to retrace his steps.

## II. THE MASSACRE.

THE morning of the fifteenth arrived. All things were in readiness, and nine o'clock was the hour fixed for starting. Mr. Kinzie had volunteered to accompany the troops on their march, and had confided his family to the care of some friendly Indians, who had promised to convey them in a boat round the head of Lake Michigan to a point on the St. Joseph's river, now called Bertrand; there to join the troops, should they be permitted to continue their march.

Early in the morning Mr. Kinzie received a message from a friendly chief, informing him that mischief was intended by the Pottowattamies who had engaged to escort the garrison, and urging him to relinquish his design of accompanying the troops by land, promising that the boat which should contain himself and family should be permitted to pass in safety to St. Joseph's. Mr. Kinzie declined to accept this proposal, believing that his presence might operate as a restraint on the fury of the savages, as he knew the greater part of them were warmly attached to himself and his family.

The party in the boat consisted of Mrs. Kinzie and her four children, a clerk, two servants, and the boatmen, besides the two Indians who acted as their protectors. The boat had scarcely reached the mouth of the river when another messenger from the chief arrived to detain them.

As the troops left the fort the band struck up the "Dead March." They passed on in military order, Captain Wells at the head of his little band of Miamies taking the lead, his face blackened with wetted powder, partly in defiance of the Indians, and partly in token of the fate which he believed awaited him. They took their route along the shore of the lake; but when they reached the point where commences the range of sand-hills between the prairie and the beach, the escort of Pottowattamies, in number about five hundred, kept the level of the prairie instead of continuing along the beach with the Americans and Miamies. They had not marched more than a mile and a half when Captain Wells, who was somewhat in advance with his Miamies, came back, riding furiously.

"They are about to attack us," shouted he; "form instantly, and charge upon them."

Scarcely were the words uttered when a volley was showered from among the sand-hills. The troops were hastily brought into line, and charged up the bank. One man, a veteran of seventy years, fell as they ascended. The troops charged manfully, but what hope was there for them, as the Indians were at least ten to one? The conflict was a terrible one. But it will be best given in the words of an eye-witness—Mrs. Helm, the wife of Lieutenant Helm, a stepdaughter of Mr. Kinzie.

"After we had left the shore and gained the prairie, the action became general. The Miamies fled at the outset. Their chief rode up to the Pottowattamies, and said: 'You have deceived the Americans and us; you have done a bad action, and,' brandishing his tomahawk, 'I will be the first to head a party of Americans, and return to punish your treachery.' So saying, he galloped after his companions, who were now scouring across the prairies.

"The troops behaved most gallantly. They were but a handful, but they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Our horses pranced and bounded, and could hardly be restrained, as the balls whistled among them. I drew off a little, and gazed upon my husband and father, who were yet

unharméd. I felt that my hour was come, and endeavoured to forget those I loved, and prepare myself for my approaching fate.

"While I was thus engaged the surgeon came up. He was badly wounded. His horse had been shot under him, and he had received a ball in his leg. Every muscle of his countenance was quivering with the agony of terror. He said to me, 'Do you think they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we might purchase our lives by promising them a large reward. Do you think there is any chance?'

"'Doctor,' said I, 'do not let us waste the few moments that yet remain to us in such vain hopes. Our fate is inevitable. In a few moments we must appear before the bar of Heaven. Let us endeavour to make what preparation is yet in our power.' I pointed to Ensign Ronan, who, though mortally wounded and nearly down, was still fighting with desperation upon one knee.

"'Look at that man,' said I; 'he at least dies like a soldier!'

"'Yes,' replied the unfortunate man, with a convulsive gasp, 'but he has no terrors for the future—he is an unbeliever!'

"At this moment a young Indian raised his tomahawk at me. By springing aside I avoided the blow, which was intended for my skull, but which alighted on my shoulder. I seized him round the neck, and while exerting my utmost efforts to get possession of his scalping-knife, which hung in a scabbard over his breast, I was dragged from his grasp by an older Indian, who bore me, struggling and resisting, towards the lake. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was hurried along, I recognised, as I passed them, the lifeless remains of the unfortunate surgeon. Some murderous tomahawk had stretched him upon the very spot where I had last seen him.

"I was immediately plunged into the water and held there with a forcible hand, notwithstanding my resistance. I soon perceived, however, that the object of my captor was not to drown me, as he held me firmly in such a position as to keep my head above the water. This reassured me, and regarding him attentively, I soon recognised, in spite of the paint with which he was disguised, the Black Partridge.

"When the firing had somewhat subsided, my preserver bore me from the water and conducted me up the sandbanks. It

was a burning August morning, and walking through the sand in my drenched condition was inexpressibly painful and fatiguing. I stooped and took off my shoes to free them from the sand with which they were nearly filled, when a squaw seized and carried them off, and I was obliged to proceed without them. When we had gained the prairie, I was met by my father, who told me that my husband was safe, and but slightly wounded. They led me gently back towards the Chicago river, along the southern bank of which was the Pottowattamie encampment. At one time I was placed on a horse without a saddle, but soon finding the motion unsupportable, I sprang off. Supported partly by my kind conductor, and partly by another Indian, who held dangling in his hand the scalp of Captain Wells, I dragged my fainting steps to one of the wigwams.

"The wife of a chief from the Illinois river was standing near, and seeing my exhausted condition, she seized a kettle, dipped up some water from a little stream that flowed near, threw into it some maple sugar, and stirring it up with her hand, gave it me to drink. This act of kindness, in the midst of so many atrocities, touched me most sensibly. But my attention was soon diverted to other objects." An old squaw, infuriated by the loss of friends, or excited by the sanguinary scenes around her, seemed possessed with a demoniacal fury. She seized a stable-fork, and assaulted one miserable victim who lay groaning and writhing in great agony from his wounds, aggravated by the scorching beams of the sun. But with a delicacy of feeling hardly to be expected amid such surroundings, "Black Partridge" stretched a mat across two poles between Mrs. Helm and this dreadful scene. The following night five more of the wounded were tomahawked.

The heroic resolution of the wife of one of the soldiers deserves to be recorded. She had from the first expressed a determination never to fall alive into the hands of the savages, believing that their prisoners were subjected to a torture worse than death. When therefore a party came upon her to take her prisoner, she fought with desperation, refusing to surrender, although assured of safe treatment, and suffered herself to be cut to pieces rather than become their captive.

The horse ridden by Mrs. Heald was a fine animal, and the Indians sought to possess themselves of it uninjured. They therefore aimed their shots so as to disable

the rider, without wounding her steed. This they at length accomplished, and her captor was in the act of removing her hat from her head, in order to scalp her, when a half-breed from St. Joseph's, named Chandonnai, ran up and offered a mule he had just taken for her ransom, adding a promise of ten bottles of whisky when he reached his village. The latter was a strong temptation.

"But," said the Indian, "she is badly wounded—she will die. Will you give me the whisky at all events?"

Chandonnai promised that he would, and the bargain was concluded. Mrs. Heald was placed in the boat with Mrs. Kinzie and her children, covered with a buffalo robe, and enjoined silence as she valued her life. In this situation she remained, without uttering a sound that could betray her to the savages, who repeatedly came to the boat in search of prisoners, but who always retired peaceably when told that it contained only the family of Shaw-ne-au-kee (Mr. Kinzie).

From the Pottowattamie encampment the family of Mr. Kinzie were conveyed across the river to their own house, where they were closely guarded by their Indian friends. The rest of the prisoners remained in the wigwams of their captors.

The following morning, when the work of plunder had been completed, the Indians set fire to the fort. They had previously distributed among themselves the shawls, ribbons, feathers, and such finery as they could lay their hands on. One young Indian had arrayed himself in a muslin dress and the bonnet of Captain Heald's lady.

At Mr. Kinzie's house Black Partridge and Wau-ban-see, with three others, established themselves in the porch as sentinels, to protect the family and other inmates.

Very soon a party of Indians from the Wabash made their appearance. They were the most hostile and implacable of all the bands of the Pottowattamies, and knew less of the kindness of Mr. Kinzie than those who lived nearer. They were annoyed when they learned that the battle was over, and the scalps all taken.

On their arrival at Chicago, they blackened their faces, and proceeded towards the residence of Mr. Kinzie. From his station on the piazza, Black Partridge had watched their approach, and his fears were awakened for the safety of Mrs. Helm, who was personally unknown to these Indians. By his advice she

assumed the ordinary dress of a Frenchwoman of the country—a short gown and petticoat, with a blue cotton handkerchief wrapped around her head—and in this disguise he conducted her to the house of a Frenchman named Ouilmette, who, with his half-breed wife, formed part of the establishment of Mr. Kinzie, and lived near him. It happened that the Indians came first to Ouilmette's house in search of prisoners. As they approached, the inmates, fearful that the fair complexion and general appearance of Mrs. Helm might betray her for an American, raised the large feather bed and placed her under the edge of it, with her face towards the wall. Mrs. Bisson, the sister of Ouilmette's wife, then seated herself with her sewing upon the front of the bed. It was a hot day, and the feverish excitement of fear and agitation, together with her position, which was nearly suffocating, were so painful, that Mrs. Helm at length entreated to be released and given up to the Indians.

"I can but die," said she; "let them put an end to my miseries at once."

Mrs. Bisson replied:

"Your death would be the signal for the destruction of us all, for Black Partridge is resolved that if but one drop of the blood of your family is spilled, he will take the lives of all that are concerned in it, even his nearest friends; and if once the work of murder commences, there will be no end to it, so long as there remains one white person or half-breed in the country."

This expostulation nerved Mrs. Helm with fresh resolution. The Indians entered, and inspected every part of the room where she was concealed, when, apparently satisfied that no one was there, they left the house. All the time of their search Mrs. Bisson kept her seat upon the side of the bed, arranging the patchwork of the quilt on which she was engaged, although she knew not but that the next moment she might receive a tomahawk in her brain. Unquestionably, the self-command of this woman saved the lives of all present.

From Ouilmette's house the Indians proceeded to Mr. Kinzie's. They entered the parlour in which the family were assembled with their faithful protectors, and seated themselves upon the floor in profound silence. Black Partridge perceived from their moody and revengeful looks what was passing in their minds, but dared not remonstrate with them. He only observed in a low tone to Wau-ban-see:

"We have endeavoured to save our friends, but it is in vain; nothing will save them now."

At that moment a friendly whoop was heard from a party of new-comers on the opposite bank of the river. Black Partridge sprang to meet the leader, and bade them make all speed to the house. It was "Billy Caldwell," a friend of Black Partridge, and his following. Entering the parlour with a firm step, and without a trace of agitation in his manner, he deliberately took off his accoutrements, and placed them with his rifle behind the door, then saluted the hostile savages.

"How now, my friends! a good day to you. I was told there were enemies here, but I am glad to find only friends. Why have you blackened your faces? Is it that you are mourning for the friends you have lost in the battle? Or is it that you are fasting? If so, ask our friend here, and he will give you to eat. He is the Indians' friend, and never yet refused them what they had need of."

Thus taken by surprise, the savages were ashamed to acknowledge their bloody purpose; they therefore said modestly that they came to beg of their friends some cotton, in which to wrap their dead before interring them. This was given them, with other presents, and they took their departure quite peaceably.

Little remains to be told of this terrible tragedy. On the third day after the battle, the family of Mr. Kinzie, with the clerks of his establishment, were conveyed to St. Joseph's, where they remained until November, when they were carried to Detroit, under the escort of Chandonnai and a trusty Indian friend, and together with their negro servants surrendered as prisoners of war to the British commanding officer, in accordance with the surrender of Detroit by General Hull. Mr. Kinzie afterwards followed them.

Captain and Mrs. Heald had been sent across the lake to St. Joseph's the day after the battle. The Captain had received two wounds, and Mrs. Heald seven, the ball from one of which was cut out of her arm with a penknife by Mr. Kinzie. Captain Heald had been taken prisoner by an Indian who had a strong personal regard for him, and who, when he saw the wounded and enfeebled state of Mrs. Heald, released his prisoner that he might accompany his wife to St. Joseph's. They were afterwards sent to the island of Mackinaw, and delivered up to the British.

Lieutenant Helm, who was likewise wounded, was carried by some friendly Indians to their village, and thence to St. Louis, where he was liberated at the intercession of a trader named Forsyth. Mrs. Helm accompanied her father to Detroit.

The surviving soldiers with their wives and children were dispersed among the different villages of the Pottowattamies, upon the Illinois, Rock River, Wabash, and Milwaukee, until the following spring, when they were for the most part carried to Detroit and ransomed. Some were detained in captivity another year, during which period they experienced more kindness than could have been expected from enemies in most cases so merciless.

And so ends our story of the Massacre at Chicago eighty-two years ago. The narrative has its lessons, which our readers will not be slow to learn.

### THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

It had been intensely hot since breakfast. At eight o'clock my watch on deck had commenced, and it was now seven bells. There was little to be done, except that some men were putting a few finishing touches to the bulwark stanchions, which some of the running lines had chafed.

I was lazy. The draught air from the belying foot of the mainsail just caught my forehead, gently and soothingly, and I felt no inclination to finish the splice in the lee clue-line of the maintop-gallantsail, which had been allotted to me as a pastime till eight bells.

There was a gentle list to the ship; and, sitting on a spare spar with my back against the bulwarks, it was almost as easy as an arm-chair. In front of me I could just catch a glimpse of the sea to windward, between the quarter-deck rail and the weather clue of the mainsail: it was intensely blue, and here and there a little cap of foam would sparkle it, like lilies scattered on a broad slab of lapis-lazuli. But it was only for a moment; for the slight roll of the ship to leeward hid all but the quivering clue of the sail and the varnished teak-wood railing of the bulwarks.

Yes; I was lazy, but I felt I must see something more than the deck, the hen-coops, and the main hatch. The chief was talking to the captain's wife on the poop, over which an awning had been spread. It would be easy to take a



stroll on the forecastle without being observed. My splice could easily be completed by eight bells; for the clock on the saloon stairs, I could see from my station, was only at twenty minutes to twelve.

So—the decks were scorching, and the pitch stuck viciously to my sea-slippers. A whiff of good things greeted me as I passed the galley, and the cook's cheery chaff as he bustled about and dished the dinner for the watch below.

The next step found me at the latter, and with two bounds I was on the focsle head.

"I say, quartermaster," as the next wheel relief, an old bronzed sailor with short bandy legs clothed in wide ducks, and an enormous pair of shoulders, saluted me; "I say, when do you think we shall sight Mauritius?"

"Hum! I dunno, sir!" and he stepped to the lee side and discharged an enormous column of tobacco juice into the sea. "She be slipping along pretty tidy like, and there be no swell to speak on." The captain, I remarked, said we were two hundred miles off at sights yesterday. "If that be the reckonin', young genelman, you'll be seeing of the Peter Botte this blessed afternoon. If that warn't a cloud out there," pointing with his tarry finger to a dark haze over the bowsprit end, "I'm blowed if I wouldn't have thought it war the skysail of the Hisle o' France. But it's war than a skysail to get up to, sir, the stick's that well greased, ha! ha! Well, bust my spanker, what were my lights a-doing?" And shading his eyes with his hand, he scrutinised the suspicious haze which seemed to be breaking, but yet becoming darker every moment, till at last through it, and above it all, the bold outlines of the Peter Botte stood clearly visible.

I was so surprised that my voice forsook me. Not so the old salt; his stentorian lungs soon brought all hands rushing up the focsle ladder. Even the captain, awakened by the uproar, was to be seen racing along the quarter-deck, long glass in hand, and the mate behind him, still carrying the sextant, now useless, which in his excitement he had forgotten to lay aside.

The wind held fair, and we made good progress. By four bells in the afternoon we had drawn the island well out of the water, and the huge mass of the Peter Botte, two thousand six hundred feet, frowned like a mighty giant out of the blue southern sea, flanked by its sister of Long Mountain Bluff, from which it is said the wonderful Frenchmen could dis-

tinguish ships many days before any glass on the island could discern them.

By the first "dog watch" we had fallen off a point or so, and were running parallel with the coast. We were now taking in sail. From aloft the scene was very fine. Beneath our feet the blue water stretched right up to the deeply-indented shore of the island, and beyond it the green wooded slopes gathered themselves to the water's edge in a succession of undulating billows. But between the two, the white shining beach and sterile rocks were set as if Nature's buffer between her two great dependencies.

Here a huge rock would jut out far into the water, cutting it like a knife; while its bold side stemmed the free sweep of the waves and formed a placid bay, with stretch of sparkling pebbles and coral sand, from which the gnarled roots of a few palms would spring, bearing their frond-like foliage which shook and shivered in the sea wind.

Then a sheet of water, green and foamless, ran inwards, hedged with dense jungle, till it swept round an intervening bluff, feathered with enormous palms, mimosa, and draped with the beautiful flowering creepers indigenous to tropical forests. Ah yes! from the sea it was like a fairy enchantment, too exquisite for words to express. And over it all the tall summits of the island looked black against the southern sky, mellowing by the gold tinge cast over it from the west.

Nestling beneath them were white and glistening bungalows, shaded by umbrageous chenars or Indian planes. And when the eye, weary with beholding all the loveliness of it, turned to our own immediate surroundings, there were the cheery faces of the men who were busily rolling up the white canvas of the topsails, and beyond them the blue wave sparkling beneath our fore-foot, and flashing up out of its deepness the wonders of coral and sea shells.

But we have no time to revel longer. All is bustle and preparation. We are rounding the lightship; and the "health boat" is almost alongside. That potent power before which seamen tremble can, however, have little to say to us. We show a clean bill of health, and the lingering tortures of Flat Island are not for us. This small islet is the quarantine station of Mauritius. Cholera often breaks out on board the coolie emigrant ships, and here all suspected arrivals are anchored till danger of infection is passed.

But now as it should be, one of the officers of health springs up the rope ladder and is on deck in a jiffy. He is a pale-faced but withal merry-eyed man, considerably stouter than his agility would have suggested.

"How do, captain?" jerking out the words as if he were shooting peas out of a pea-shooter. "Hope bill clear. No nasty passenger, eh?"

"Quite clear, doctor, glad to say! Come down and have something, and you can sign the papers."

"Right. Very good—business before pleasure—right, very—eh?"

"Yes," said the captain, laughing; "but we'll have the two together. But, by-the-bye, doctor, wouldn't it be better to signal all clean first?"

"Hum—yes! Let you in quicker—as you wish, captain, as you wish!"

"Run up the signal," said the captain quickly.

"Ay, ay, sir!" I answered; "they're bent on."

"Up, then!"

And out they flew like a many-coloured ribbon.

"Smartly done, sir!" said the little doctor, as he watched admiringly the expedition we made. "I heard them say," turning to the captain, "as I was pushing off from the wharf, that this craft of yours carried very smart signalmen. Now I believe it; the loafers ashore have quick eyes for such things."

I blushed at this unexpected compliment, and I verily believe I would have shown my pleasure in some act unbecoming to the dignity of a signal midshipman, if the captain hadn't ordered me to run forward and tell the chief officer to see all clear for mooring.

As it was, I couldn't help springing down the poop ladder at a bound, which, on any other occasion, would have brought down merited chastisement on my guilty head. On turning away to carry out the order, however, I just overheard the captain answering the compliment by conferring a still more splendid one. Really Mauritius seemed to be full of compliments. I would enjoy myself, that was certain. I would ask the captain to increase my allowance the very next day; the old cap. praising us like that—whoop! But bottling up my spirits, I gave the mate his order with all becoming gravity. Under our lower topsails we forged slowly ahead. The lightship was behind us; before, the wide harbour crowded

with shipping. Slowly and yet more slowly. "Clue up the main-topsail!" roared the voice of the pilot who had just come aboard, an angular man with side whiskers and small brown eyes besmudged with red.

Away flew the clues, rattle, rattle; creak, creak went the iron sheets in the sheet blocks, and the cheery cries of the men as they manned the clue-lines and bunt-lines made harsh but pleasing music.

A couple of short turns on the poop, an order to the man at the wheel, a stare over the taffrail with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his jacket, and then came the quick command to "haul up the fore-topsail and stand by to moor!" Sharply it was done. And the next minute we were swinging snugly from a buoy surrounded by a hundred boats of all wares, and serenaded by a most unintelligible jabber. Among it I caught the oft-repeated appeal of "Sahib! Sahib! Me good boat! Me no cheatie!"

And this was Mauritius, the Gem of the Ocean. At last we had arrived, and here round about us were its people; here was its fort, its city—and ay, to the right of me even were its graves!

Port Louis is the only town in the island. It lies on the north-west, in a valley, sheltered behind by basaltic ranges, which culminate in the Peter Botte Mountain and Long Mountain Bluff; while in front it looks out over the blue Indian Ocean to the far-off coast of Madagascar.

On either side of the town a long neck of land runs out, enclosing between them the harbour. That on the right is the higher and bolder of the two, meets the sea bluffly at its apex, and is surmounted by the fort. The other, flat and grassy, is covered by half-ruined tombs, palms, and other tropical vegetation.

The harbour is commodious, and divided into an inner and outer roadstead. It has an average depth of fourteen feet, and is approached by a channel in the coral reefs, marked by buoys. There are also two lights for the guidance of shipping, one placed on Flat Island and the other on the lightship.

Thus guarded, it is a rare accident to run ashore when making the port even in the heaviest weather. There are times, however, when even this well-sheltered roadstead is the terror of mariners. Here the cyclone of 1863 raged its fiercest. Ships were torn from their anchors and dashed to pieces against each other or cast ashore.

The town itself was wrecked. Hundreds perished, and property was destroyed to the value of many thousands.

Not long ago a similar catastrophe befell the island. A cyclone passed over it, its centre being six miles to the westward of the port. Almost every wooden house was levelled, and the streets were strewn with the dead and dying. The public buildings were turned into hospitals, and the town had the aspect of having undergone a protracted bombardment.

The shipping suffered in proportion. Two large British India steamers were ashore, and one sailing ship was found inland beside a large brick building to the right of the landing, while numbers of coasters and cargo boats were destroyed or washed inshore among the houses.

Happily such scenes of suffering and devastation are of rare occurrence, else this paradise of the sea would be uninhabitable. But on this beautiful evening there were no signs of such terrors. The skies were gemmed with myriads of stars; and the white, shining city in front—skirted by the dark emerald of its plane-trees, its graceful palms and waving acacias—looked calmly out over the broad waters of the harbour, flecked by the silver radiance of the Southern Cross. Here and there the lines of light were momentarily darkened by the passage of a boat, bearing shorewards some merry-hearted tars for an evening outing; and their cheery voices would waken the dim stillness of the harbour and mingle pleasingly with the murmur of the distant city. And then—but having drunk my fill of it all, for even a tropical night will not keep tired nature awake, I went below, and was soon stretched in that repose which only hard labour and sea air can give.

I was roused by some one yelling in my ear like the screech of a fog signal, and a swaying motion of my body which made me think of cyclones. I sprang up to find the steward in my berth.

"Time to get the market boat ready, sir. It's five o'clock."

"Oh, all right! I'm with you instantly." And I was.

The morning air was cool and deliciously sweet; the land breeze had died off, and the sea was smooth as a pond. We soon reached the inner harbour, where the coasters were taking in groceries and other stuffs for the outlying villages. Others were discharging sugar, great heaps of which lay on the wooden wharves; and numbers of coolies

were shovelling it into mat bags and deftly sewing them up ready for transit to Europe. These mats are imported from India, and are very handy for stowing.

We ran straight to the head of the harbour and landed at a flight of stone steps. Mounting these we found ourselves in a large square, which was composed of public buildings, shipbrokers' stores, and hotels, and through which, strange to say, ran the railway. Indeed, at the moment an engine came puffing along, quite heedless of the little black children who played on the line and rolled off in boisterous glee, in some cases narrowly escaping its wheels.

From the sea Port Louis has a picturesque and Oriental aspect, but the streets are less so than one at first imagines; they are wide, and resemble those of Cape Town. Numerous European shops also line their fronts.

Lying behind the town is the Champ de Mars. It is used as a place of amusement, and opening into it are the streets of Bourbon and Corderie, while to the left of the quays is the bazaar or market-place. It is surrounded by an iron railing and has several gates leading to the principal streets, and is divided into two equal parts by Farquar Street. A broad avenue also traverses its entire length, lined on either side by covered sheds, where the wares are exposed. Fruit stalls occupy the upper end, and here is exhibited a marvellous variety—a collection that would make the fruit-sellers of the West mad with envy. Plantains in great yellow heaps are side by side with custard apples, alligator pears, mangoes, pineapples, and others too numerous to mention. Mangoes are the most esteemed by Europeans. The lower market contains the butchers' shops, where fowl, fish, and kid are conspicuous.

Here then we took our way, and having availed ourselves of the services of a native porter, crowds of whom wait at the gate with large round baskets on their heads, we proceeded to shop vigorously.

At six o'clock the market presents a busy and interesting scene. Here come all the ladies and housekeepers of Port Louis; and the broad peaked straw hat, blue linen garments, and well-greased pigtail of John Chinaman present a curious contrast to the fashionable dresses of the European ladies, which are scarcely less inharmoniously, although more picturesquely, mingled with the red-shirted Lascar and the blazing colours of the negro women. Fresh from the salt sea breezes, and precluded

for many weeks from indulging in my favourite fruits, I strolled off to the upper market, and left the steward to transact business as best he could. While enjoying a delicious plantain, I spied that functionary puffing and blowing in the crowd, mopping his rotund features with his blue spotted handkerchief, and looking the picture of vexation and anxiety.

I took him by the coat-tails to stop his progress, for he was standing by me under all sail. "Oh, sir!" he said spasmodically. "Oh, sir!—there you are! Puff—puff; the place is——" and he looked round to see that his porter was safe by his side. Then in my ear—"don't feel safe with these black chaps," chucking his thumb over his right shoulder in the direction of his negro escort, who, with a huge basket on his woolly head, was staring stolidly at the steward's back—"don't look straight"—I thought he did at the moment, remarkably so—"they all steal."

"Me no stealin', sar! Dat am one lie!" and the negro flashed down a ferocious look on the fat steward, who had turned round in surprise.

He started back a bit, quite frightened like.

"Oh, no! you look quite honest, oh, yes!" he said quickly. "But bless me, why didn't you tell me you spoke English?"

"Why, sir, I've been making signs to him the whole time, and hard to make him understand them it was. Well, these black fellows beat me, I'm blowed if they don't. But, sir, you've finished that plantain, and it's"—pulling out a huge silver watch—"it's half-past seven, and breakfast's at eight, dear me! and the captain 'ill be that angry. Oh, sir, come away!"

And so ended my first shopping in Mauritius. However, we were not late, and the captain was not angry.

Before leaving the island, I had the pleasure of visiting the Gardens for which it is justly celebrated. The botanical gardens of Pamplemoussus were founded in the year 1768, by a French gentleman. They are composed of wide shady avenues, bordered by magnificent trees—conspicuous among which are camphors, huge Mauritius palms, and the slender-stemmed areca nut trees.

A little way down the walk which leads inwards from the entrance, guarded by an ornamental gateway, is an obelisk which was erected to the memory of those who, in some way or other, have benefited the

colony. More especially does it commemorate those who have introduced useful plants and animals into the island. It is encircled by enormous palms, bearing fronds eight to nine feet long. The walks are bordered by beautiful flowers; indeed, the grounds are kept in perfect order. And scattered here and there among the trees are gay pavilions which heighten the Eastern character of the Gardens, till the visitor almost feels that he is intruding on the sacred precincts of some Oriental Mogul or Haroun-al-Raschid, reserved peculiarly for such beauties of the harem as Zobeide, or she who sleeps beneath the white domes of the Taj Mahal.

Little streams of pure sparkling water run through the grounds, crossed by wooden bridges, and overhung so thickly in some places by the traveller's tree as to be impenetrable to the sun.

Near a grove of mango-trees there is a large pond filled with tame fish, and close beside it the grave of Paul and Virginia, the hero and heroine of Bernardin de St. Pierre's beautiful romance. It is a square monument, built of bricks and white-washed, but somewhat dilapidated. It is overhung by feathery bamboos and several of the beautiful Mauritius palms.

Naturally enough Mauritius lends itself to the pleasures of the yachtsman, and trips may even be made to the neighbouring island of Bourbon.

The coasters are beautiful vessels, and it is a pretty sight to see them gliding out of the harbour in the glorious tropical evenings before the land breeze. They look like the whitest of white clouds sailing over the star radiances.

Many happy days indeed did we spend in this lovely spot. But, like all other pleasures they, too, came to an end. And one starlight night, before even the purple tinge had melted on the western sea, we slipped our moorings and stood away ever northward and eastward.

At midnight the moon stood over the shining cliffs of the Peter Botte Mountain, sheeting the sea in rippling silver, and guiding our prow through the waters as on a pathway of light. The lower heights of the island were thrown into bolder relief. It looked like a huge black cloud resting on the sea. The moon sank slowly behind the darkening cliffs, resting on them, ere it finally disappeared, as it were for an instant like the aureola on the forehead of a saint. And then, as we looked, the night mists gathered themselves from the



sea, at first in long white strands that stretched from valley to valley and joined peak to peak, but deeper and ever whiter, till, like the shroud over the dead, it hid the Gem of the Ocean from all vision.

### SOME TRADITIONS OF THE ELDERS.

PROBABLY the bibulous Rabbi Ben Israel of the Golden Legend may not be a very reputable authority, generally speaking, but there is little doubt that when he sings:

The Kabala and Talmud hoar  
Than all the prophets prize I more,  
For water is all Bible lore,  
But Mishna is strong wine,

he expresses a view at one time very generally held. A kindred phrase has it that the text of "Scripture is but as pepper while the Talmud is aromatics," and we may freely admit that a good deal of the latter is somewhat spicy and highly seasoned, and with other Eastern legends on the same subjects makes up an anthology as curious as interesting.

To go back to the beginning, it may be fairly said that a volume of respectable size could be filled with Adamite legend and tradition. In the seventeenth century the accounts which had been up to then recognised, received an addition. The Abbé Isaac de la Peyrère wrote a book, in which he attempted to prove, on "orthodox" lines, the existence of a race of human beings before the Adam of the Bible. Taking as his text a rather obscure passage in the Epistle to the Romans, the Abbé proceeded to argue that the creation in the first chapter of Genesis was the creation of the Gentiles, while that of the second was of the progenitor of the Jews. He called attention to the difference in the method of creation, insisted that the Gentiles were invariably referred to as "sons of men," while the Adamites are "sons of the man," and claimed that the pre-Adamites are specifically referred to in Romans viii. 20 as the "creature that was made subject to vanity." Great stress is laid on the expression that when Adam was created there was not found a helpmeet for him, a phrase which may imply that none of the females of the first creation were good enough for the new "lord and master of earth"; and the Abbé marshals in strong array the arguments which he conceives are to be drawn from the differing descriptions of the creation, from the familiar difficulty

of Cain's fear of meeting people, from his building a city—even from the Divine warning, "Sin lieth at the door"—which he construes to mean "judgement shall be given at the gates."

But the Abbé's book was condemned by the authorities, despite its ingenious efforts after orthodoxy, and, after all, his deductions lacked the picturesque extravagance of some of the earlier traditions.

The mention of Adam's helpmeet calls to mind the legend of Lilith—his first wife, according to the Rabbis. Whether she was one of the female creation of Chapter I., or a demon, or something between the two, she was, considered matrimonially, a complete failure. She was expelled after living with Adam for a hundred and thirty years, and subsequently became the wife of Satan, by whom she was the mother of the Jinns, so familiar in Persian fairy lore. The emphatic remark of Adam when he first saw Eve, "This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh," makes, it is suggested, a comparison between Eve and the beautiful but fiend-like Lilith, not complimentary to the latter; while the reference, on the birth of Seth, to him as Adam's son "in his own likeness, after his image," conveys a painful hint of the uncanny offspring born to Adam and Lilith.\* Perhaps in revenge for this, Lilith—the name occurs translated "night monster" in Isaiah xxxiv.—became the sworn foe of little children, whom she was wont to strangle with one of her glorious golden hairs, unless the watchfulness of their mothers drove her away. It has, indeed, been gravely suggested by an etymologist greatly daring that our word lullaby is simply a corruption of "Lilla abi." Lilith, avaunt! which mothers and nurses would croon over the cradles, or write on the door-post.

It would be interesting to know something about Adam and Eve's appearance. Unfortunately, though there is no lack of descriptions, there is a complete lack of harmony amongst them. Some authorities hold that Adam and Eve were created on the same day, which they say was Friday, and either at three o'clock or at the last hour; others, as we have seen, make Adam precede Eve by a hundred and thirty years. Those who hold to the former opinion say that the apparent age of both was twenty years, while some of the adherents of the

\* Abel was then dead, and Cain differentiated by his "mark." Some of the commentators, indeed, hold that Cain was not Adam's son but the offspring of Satan.

latter say that Eve was at first quite young and reached maturity gradually, quoting—with what relevancy it is hard to see—Ezekiel xvi. 8. The general view is that they were extremely beautiful, but other theories are propounded which scarcely fit in with our present æsthetic tastes. For instance, on the strength of Psalm cxxxix. 5, it is conjectured that they were made back to back—Adam being the supposed author of the psalm. Others, with a sort of premonition of some recent theories, equip them with tails; others again declare that Adam was blind, that while he was in the Garden he was pachydermatous, but that at the Fall his body became soft with the exception of the nails. With regard to stature, the Talmudists run riot. A comparatively modest estimate gives Adam's height as that of a palm-tree; another says that while his foot, seventy cubits long, rested on the top of a mountain in Ceylon, the other leg was in the sea; while a third triumphantly calculates that it would take five hundred years to walk up him, and five years to walk round him—from which we are compelled to realise that the patriarch was somewhat slender for his height. In the face of these dimensions we read without surprise that the Angels respectfully remonstrated, with the result that Adam's height was reduced to a thousand cubits. The details respecting Eve's stature are less circumstantial. The Mohammedans, however, have a tradition that when her head rested on a hill near Mecca, her knees were supported on two mounds in an adjoining plain, distant from each other two musket-shots.

As might be expected, the Scriptural account of the Fall is greatly amplified. Satan (or Samaël) tried for long to enter within the Garden, which it would seem he was unable to do without assistance. He besought all animals in turn but was refused by all except the serpent, or, according to other authorities, the peacock. The serpent was then a beautiful animal, with an upright instead of a crawling movement, and the Fiend entered Paradise riding on it as upon a camel. All animals had the gift of speech, a power which seems to have been possessed by the Tree of Knowledge, for we are told that, when Satan led Eve towards it, a voice came therefrom, speaking the words subsequently embodied in a psalm: "Let not the foot of pride come against me." It is said that this power of speech remained with the lower animals till after the Fall; and a

rather pretty anecdote is told of the reason of its being taken away. Adam was one day severely beating the ox with which he was ploughing, and the animal asked, almost in the words of Balaam's ass: "Wherefore hast thou smitten me?" "Because," replied Adam, "thou didst not draw the plough aright." "Adam," said the ox reproachfully, "when thou wast rebellious did God smite thee thus?" And then the patriarch prayed in his anguish: "O God, is every beast to reproach me and bring my sin to remembrance?" And from that day, in pity to man, the power of speech was taken from the brute creation.

Many are the attempts to identify the forbidden fruit. Some say it was the fig, others the grape, others, again, the pomegranate; but the most "Arabian Nightish" description paints it as an ear of wheat, which looked like a ruby and was as big as an ostrich egg, and which grew on a tree whose trunk was like gold, its branches silver, and its leaves emerald.

Our first parents were expelled about three o'clock of the afternoon of Friday, the tenth of May, having resided in Eden seven years, two months, two weeks, and three days. Adam was banished to Ceylon and Eve to Mecca, and they remained apart for two hundred years. Adam, according to some accounts, spent half this time weeping with his face to the earth; others, less charitably, aver that his solitude was cheered by Lilith, who resumed her former relations with him. When he repented, and rejoined Eve, he begged that something might be given him from the happy garden of innocence which he had forfeited, and lo! in answer to his prayer, the three mighty Archangels were sent to him, Michael bringing gold, Gabriel frankincense, and Raphael myrrh—mystic gifts, in after years associated with the offering of the Magi, whom early Christian tradition identified with Enoch, Melchisedek, and Elias.

Adam died on the anniversary of the day on which he had sinned; around his death-bed were gathered his descendants, represented by fifteen thousand males and females innumerable. He was buried in the cave at Macpelah, which was also the sepulchre of Eve. But another and fairer tradition says that Adam's body was given to the pious care of the saintly Melchisedek, who buried it at Jerusalem, "the centre of the earth," in a spot which to after generations became awful and holy as the "Place of a

Skull." There, centuries after, was reared another Tree of Life,\* and from the sacred wounds of the Sufferer, the promised Seed of the Woman, there fell upon the dead, dry bones of the first Adam the Blood which redeemed the world; and the infant Church loved to believe that at that wondrous anointing Adam became once again sinless as when, in the vanished Eden of the early world, he walked and talked with God.

Amongst the relics of Adam of which tradition or legend speaks, were his staff, his coat, a book on husbandry, and two psalms, the hundred and fourth and hundred and thirty-ninth. We may perhaps make mention of the staff and coat in some accounts of the legends connected with some other of the "elders," in which they play many a grotesque rôle. But one traditional legacy remains with us to this day in the shape of

the spicy breezes  
That blow soft on Ceylon's isle,

for whence come they but from the aromatic trees and shrubs which sprang, long ages back, from the "fig-leaves" which fell from Adam when he was cast on to the Isle of Serendib †

## MARRIED TO ORDER.

A ROMANCE OF MODERN DAYS.

By ESME STUART.

Author of "*Jean Vellacot*," "*A Woman of Forty*," "*Kestell of Greyatons*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER LVIII. WISHING FOR DEATH.

THOUGH water was not wanting, the means of using it were deficient at Rothery. A fire-engine was not to be procured under many hours' time, and as is frequently the case, the means at hand failed when most needed. All night long the flames raged, seizing portion after portion of the beautiful Palace with fiendish eagerness and rapidity. The comparatively large crowd of dale folk did their utmost to save it, and now and again success seemed to crown the efforts; but the success was but short-lived, the fire demons seemed bent on destruction, and as the day dawned every one present knew that the Palace of the old Kings of Rothery was doomed to utter destruction.

\* According to a well-known tradition the wood of the Cross was from a tree sprung from three seeds of the Tree of Life placed in Adam's mouth. In some old pictures of the Crucifixion the Cross seems to have its roots, so to speak, in the skull depicted at its foot.

† This is according to the Mohammedan view, which places Paradise in the seventh heaven and not upon earth. The casting out, therefore, was a serious matter.

As for the Duke, he had enough on his hands now without looking after the burning Palace. His one thought was about his niece and the poor, gaunt skeleton brought out of the burning turret.

Leaving the Palace to the dale folk, he had the two unconscious beings conveyed on quickly extemporised stretchers, and wrapped up in blankets, to the farm in the wood. The living needed all his attention, for now it was known that the dead had already given up his account to his Maker. When the fire, in the unaccountable fashion peculiar to that element, had suddenly forsaken the corner of the turret to shoot upwards to the second storey, Oldcorn discovered the King's body, charred and almost unrecognisable, clinging close to the wall where, though no one knew it but Penelope, his treasure had been hidden. They carried all that remained of the last King of Rothery to a woodman's shed close by in the glen, and then returned to the work of rescue. Many were the comments exchanged and passed on by the more loquacious dale folk as to the cause of this night's misfortune. Philip's reappearance when all had believed him to be dead was much discussed, but no one doubted the author of the strange history. The King could not abide strangers, and he never had brooked the idea of a rival. His crazy brain had projected and carried out unaided the treachery which had placed Philip in a lonely room in the turret, a place where no one came, and from which no calls for help could be heard. The old man had not killed his enemy in fair fight, but he had cleverly managed to entrap the man whose very name he hated.

All this much was easily divined, but when Oldcorn returned from the farm he was besieged with questions. Was the Princess hurt, was she herself again? and the poor stranger, had he passed away, for the word had gone round that his life was ebbing fast? The feeling uppermost in the minds of the dale folk, however, was admiration for the courage of their Princess. No other woman could have done what she had done, no other would have waited without a word escaping her lips in that burning chamber. Oldcorn had seen the flame stretch out its cruel fangs towards her, and he had not reached her one minute too soon.

Oldcorn further reported that she had come to herself, but that she was terribly burnt on one side of her face and neck. A mighty shame, he thought it, but the doctor

was coming as he left, and further news had to be mere conjecture. Betty and some of the grand servants were there, being in his opinion of "varry lal good" in a case like this, and the feeling of intense superiority to any southerner helped the brave folk to renewed efforts.

But the news spread with rapidity, and was at once firmly believed, that it was the King himself that had set fire to the turret, not by mishap but with intention; that he meant to burn down all trace of the foreigner who had come to interfere with his rights. So they said, but the exact truth would never be known.

"The oald King was t' best blood, aw cudn't do with no stranger aboot him."

"He shud a gone a lal bit ago till t' silem."

"Ah was shure t' pootar man was far eneuf gean when the Prince died."

"Aye, but he war sensible till t' last minnet, one cud see that, he kent nowt o' strangers; with t' Kings o' Rothery it wur a law in ther natur."

"This King wur rayder queear; if yaw happen't ta offend him he wur shure to caw for a settlemint or t' akount."

"He did it, shure and sartin, and Mister Philip has gaun ta pay the bill."

"He'll gaun in a crack, I tak it."

"The Princess, she conquer't the King and pay't him what she had a mind, becos she hed t' hank in her own hand."

These were some of the remarks that were exchanged, and it must be owned that on the whole the King was more admired than blamed for his share in the misfortune. The poor, daft old man had in truth outwitted them all, and the shepherds recounted how they had spent hours and days in searching for Philip, when all the time the King must have been laughing in his sleeve at them. The dale folk had a true respect for the man who had sat silent when "they were trap'sin up and doon t' country."

Betty had come to the front now, and she was one of those dependents who can rise to the occasion. She was secretly glad to lord it over "the gran" maids that were more fit to stand in a row than to be of use, and Oldcorn had to obey Betty when she spoke firmly, sending him to the burning Palace for many necessaries before she was satisfied with the arrangements at the farm.

The large room below was hastily turned into a dwelling-room for the Duke, but upstairs the two best rooms were made fit to receive the patients. Before help could arrive Betty had done wonders, and

the Princess, who soon recovered consciousness, was bidden sternly to stay where she was till the doctor should see her. Betty had not waited for him to dress Penelope's terrible burns, and her tender hands had in her own estimation more skill to soothe the pain than any belonging to the medical profession.

Penelope was for the moment content to be still, she felt weak and powerless after the awful strain she had gone through, so without comment she watched the labours of Betty, till at last she murmured:

"Go to him, Betty, go to—to your master. The pain is easier now."

Penelope felt that for her life offered nothing more, but she wanted Philip to live. She had an intense wish for his life, the life she had saved.

When at last the doctor came she was roused by his coming first in her room.

"Go to him," she said in her old imperious manner. "I am only burnt; Betty has done all that can be done for me."

The doctor obeyed, but it was a very long time before he returned, and when he did he found the Princess sitting up on her extemporised bed.

"How is he, Dr. Potter? Is he——"

"Of course it's a serious case, a very serious case, but we must do the best we can. The Duke has sent a man to telegraph for Dalton from Carlisle; don't worry yourself at all. Now what about you? I have heard of your heroic courage."

The village doctor was proud of being on the spot and of having a share in these strange and marvellous events. Never before had he been called in for the Princess, whose health had been always perfect. Now he was grieved to see the ravages of the fire. Her beautiful hair and one side of her face and neck was burnt; all her life she would bear the marks of the accident. The shock to the nervous system, too, must be great, and he proceeded to order perfect rest.

In the room below the Duke was walking up and down in a strange state of agitation, waiting for the verdict.

"Well, doctor, what do you say? We must have the best advice, no means must be left untried to save Mr. Gillbanks-Winskill. It has been a terrible night."

The Duke looked years older; he had gone through more than he cared to realise, but outwardly he was calm and courteous. His beautiful manner would never forsake him.

"He is in high fever—I should say from the effects of starvation," said the doctor.



The Duke made a deprecating movement with his hand.

"Doctor, the man who comes here must keep his own counsel. The King is dead, his mind was unhinged; we must make as light of this sad work as we can. For the sake of the rest of the family and for the sake of Philip Gillbanks himself, you must keep your own counsel."

The Duke was going through a bitter moment. To make conditions with a country doctor was a lesson in humility which he had never thought to learn. Happily Dr. Potter was the son of a dale farmer. He understood the character of the man before him, and he stretched out his hand to show his submission.

"I think, sir, you will not find me wanting in reticence. As to the present, we must keep the Princess quiet. I must keep her for a little while under opiates; I see she has suffered a terrible shock. She must not be allowed to think. Good Lord, how that light comes in! I fear there is no hope for the Palace."

When the Duke was alone he murmured:

"The old saying was true after all. The doom would come when the Palace was held up with iron bands. I helped to bring about the realisation of the prophecy, I, and the child I trained."

He sat down by the old table and leant his head on his hands. The labourer had not been found worthy of his hire.

"Fate is stronger than the will of man, and now—and now—still, Penelope is saved; but that burn will disfigure her, my poor child, my pretty Penzie."

He roused himself and walked slowly and sadly upstairs. He wanted to see her before they gave her opiates, his brave Princess. Betty let him in cautiously.

"She is a bit easier now, sir, poor lamb."

The Duke knelt down by the bedside and took Penzie's hand. Her eyes were closed now, but her lips were pressed firmly together, showing that she was braving pain with the heroism of a true Winskell.

"Penzie," whispered the Duke, and a new depth of softness was in his tone, "my poor child, my poor child, you are suffering."

"It is nothing. I mean, it is of no consequence. Tell me about him, uncle, and—whilst I remember, send Oldcorn to telegraph to Dora Bethune about—about Philip."

"Yes, yes; make your mind easy."

"Tell me about father—was he—?"

"The King died guarding his treasure. He would not save himself, or else he could

not; but the gold is lost, the papers and everything were burnt. I doubt if we shall recover much."

Penzie closed her eyes.

"I am glad," she said. "Tell me what the doctor says about Philip."

"We mean to pull him through, though he is very ill."

Penzie started up.

"Uncle, he must live, he must be saved, you understand. I can't tell you what the thought was to me that perhaps I had caused——"

"Hush!" And then Betty ran up and showed her displeasure by driving away the Duke, and once more reigned supreme by Penzie's bedside; but the Princess had fallen back exhausted, suffering renewed agony from the burns.

"Betty, I want to die," she said; "let me die."

#### CHAPTER LIX. A NEW BEGINNING.

THE next afternoon Dora Bethune was sitting with her mother in the drawing-room of the Castle, and near her was a pile of notes and letters which she had conscientiously written during the last two hours. Now she was trying to write to Forster whilst her mother talked about many things.

"Tell dear Forster that he must really come back soon. Your father did not like his sudden departure. I know, of course, it was all for the sake of those poor dear men, but his own family should count for something. What does it say, Dora dear, in the Bible, about being worse than an infidel? I don't mean that, of course, Forster is so good; but still those of your own household, you know, might be considered. And then I did so hope he would marry this year."

"Oh, no, mother; Forster will never marry."

"But why not, dear? I hope marriage is honourable to all. If I had never married, Forster could not have been the apostle of the poor as he is now. We ought to be much obliged to Saint Peter for marrying, because one may point to him; only it is a pity they connect Saint Peter with Rome, where priests don't marry, I mean where— Oh dear, there is Mr. De Lucy coming up the drive. It is his last week here. He is walking with the telegraph boy."

Dora put down her pen with a sigh. Mr. De Lucy came in at the same time as the servant who brought the telegram.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. De Lucy. Dora is quite tired with writing my notes.

She is wonderful. A telegram for you, dear. What is it about?"

Dora shook hands with De Lucy, but he saw that her eyes had still the far-away look he had seen in them ever since that day at Southampton. He stood beside her for a moment. He liked to watch her. All his ideas about the uselessness of women and their frivolity had vanished. He knew now that he loved this girl who had a strong, innocent look in her face. He was jealous of the love she gave her brother so bountifully. But the idea of love had not ever entered Dora's mind, and he knew it.

Suddenly Dora uttered a little cry of joy, and her first look was towards him. The glance was so full of happiness that it warmed De Lucy's heart.

"What is it?" he said.

She handed him the telegram, and then went quickly towards her mother.

"Mother! isn't it wonderful? Philip Gillbanks is not dead! Oh, mother!"

"Not dead, dear! Penelope isn't a widow! How extraordinary! Then he must be mad, poor dear man. That is far worse."

De Lucy came near and read out the words: "P. sends word Philip is alive. Fire at the Palace, she saved him from certain death. Both ill, but we hope for the best. I will write.—GREYBARROW."

Dora went to the writing-table and seized a telegraph form. She copied the above words exactly, and addressed it to Forster.

"Mother, I must send it to Forster."

"Oh, yes, dear, of course, but it's rather expensive to send a long message to Africa, isn't it?"

"A mere nothing," said De Lucy, and he returned to Dora's side. This news had brought back the girl's youth.

Mrs. Bethune rose.

"I must go and tell your father. It is extraordinary, but that dear Princess never did act like other people. Fancy losing your husband for all those weeks and his turning up again! Where is Adela?"

Dora did not answer. She was writing her telegram as her mother shut the door. Then suddenly, regardless of De Lucy, she laid her head on the table and sobbed for joy.

"Forster! Forster! Oh, Mr. De Lucy, I can't help it, I am so glad."

De Lucy was on his knees by her side, calling her by her Christian name.

"Dora, Dora—I am so glad for your gladness."

"Oh!" said Dora, starting up. The surprise was great. Her eyes were opened, and she knew his secret now.

"Don't," he said, "don't look so surprised. Couldn't you guess? You have left off contradicting me, so don't begin again."

He laughed a little to reassure her, though he was deeply in earnest.

"My telegram!" she stammered.

"Give it to me—I will see it is all right. I will ride over to the post-office myself. That little woman will never spell the address without my help. Tell me that I may send it to—my brother?"

"Oh!" said Dora again. "You helped me, you were good to me, but I never thought of that."

"No, you never did. I don't wonder you never thought of me, darling, you are infinitely too good for me. I've been an ass all my life, but——"

Then she laughed. She was young, and now she was happy. Philip was not dead.

"Don't say such funny things or I must contradict you."

"You had better say 'no.' I've done nothing for anybody all my life, myself excepted. You and Forster—all of you are so different."

"There's mother. My telegram must go. Don't say anything now, please."

"Then I'll take that telegram at once, and send another to the Duke. No, you had better write."

He was gone before Mrs. Bethune could stop him. She turned to Dora.

"Sit down, dear, and telegraph to Jack Rookwood. It is extraordinary; and now do write to the Princess and ask her all about it."

"The Princess is ill, you see; I won't write yet, but Mr. De Lucy has taken the telegram, and he wants——"

"What else, dear?"

"Oh, mother, he says he wants to take me!—when Forster comes home—but——"

When Penelope woke up to full consciousness, it seemed to her that weeks, months, years had gone by, for she remembered strange intervals of terrible visions, haunting dreams, and awful struggles with evil spirits. Then at other times she had rehearsed again the terrible fire scene. It had seemed to her that hideous demons stretched out their arms to her, in order to draw her into the roaring flames, then Betty's form and the doctor's voice recalled her to reality, till the next hideous nightmare again overtook her.

For her, time had vanished; it was not. But with a new feeling of life she woke up one evening in bright moonlight, and saw that the faithful Betty was sleeping quietly.

She was conscious of a peace to which she had long been a stranger, and of an unusual clearness of memory. She rehearsed with great distinctness all the events of that awful night, till she at last reached the moment when the flash of light had shown her Philip's face.

But that was long ago, very long ago. Where was Philip now? Was he dead? Had she gone through all that for nothing? He must be dead; nobody had mentioned him to her during all those days of fearful dreams. There he had appeared to her always with a terrible expression on his face. Was he dead? She raised herself up and listened. She felt much better now; her head she felt was still bound up, but the pain was no longer acute. Her last conscious recollection had been of intense agony; now all was changed, all around her there was peace and rest, almost the rest, she thought, which the dead must experience.

The dead—was Philip dead? She must know. An intense longing for certainty one way or the other took possession of her. She looked across the room, but faithful, tired Betty was sleeping soundly. Evidently they no longer feared for her well-doing, but what of Philip?

She felt strong again to act. She rose softly and wrapped herself up, but she noticed that she was not so strong as she had been; still she could walk easily across the room and across the passage. Philip's room was close at hand, she would go and see for herself.

Very gently she opened the door, and stood in the passage listening for a few seconds in trepidation.

All was silent.

She crossed the passage to the door of the room where she knew that Philip had been carried. She turned the handle, and the moonlight from the opposite window played all about her. There was a long path of bright light in front of her, and for a few steps she walked in it.

"There shall be light," were the words that came into her mind, "light at evening time."

She felt very weary now. After all she was not the strong, proud woman of old, but some one different, some one who could be glad that she had saved Philip.

Her heart beat fast as she noticed that part of the room was hidden by a great screen. She went round it, and walking very softly she stood where she could see everything. A great joy filled her heart. Philip was alive. He was lying there near the further window, and all the strong

moonlight was over him. Some way from him a strange nurse was resting on a mattress upon the floor, and her regular breathing showed that she was sleeping soundly, but Penelope saw she was not undressed, so she was only dozing. She looked again. Philip was there, partially propped up, with his head turned towards the window. His pale face was like that in some picture she had seen of a celestial being, some saint drawn by Fra Angelico. His eyes were open and his thin hands were closed. She had walked so softly that it was not wonderful he had not heard her, so she stood motionless, holding her breath and looking at him. He was alive, Philip was alive! The haunting fear that he was dead was gone, but—what would he say to her? Perhaps he did not know she had saved him. Should she speak softly, and let him turn and see her? Perhaps that would startle him too much. She made a step nearer and tried to make her footfall audible.

She was successful, for Philip turned his head towards her, but not a sound, not a word escaped him. He only looked at her with wide-open eyes, but said nothing.

Then Penelope knew that she had murdered his love, and the realisation of this fact was so awful, so overwhelming, that she stood quite motionless where she was, without uttering a word, almost without breathing.

How long they looked at each other quite silently and quite motionless, Penelope could not tell. The story of her whole past life seemed to be flashed out before her, and her sin hung over it like a black pall. The love she had despised and which she had scorned and spurned was gone, it was hers no longer.

It was dead, as dead as she had thought Philip had been, and she had killed that strong, wonderful power of loving in him, which had once or twice nearly conquered her great pride, till falling lower, she had dragged down another in her fall.

Her knees trembled, her strength seemed to be giving way, but gathering up her remaining courage she took one step nearer to him, before sinking down beside his bed. She could not bear that silent look any longer.

"Nurse," said Philip's voice very softly, but the voice was strangely altered, Penelope thought.

"He calls to her to protect himself from me. He will not even notice me. I have killed the old Philip."

"Oh, Philip!" she said under her breath,

for the nurse was sleeping so soundly that she did not hear his soft call.

Still there was silence. Then she hid her face in her hands, and this action reminded her that she, too, must be much changed. She looked up suddenly at him to see if, perhaps, he had taken her for some one else. But her husband's face was still turned towards her, his eyes still looked full at her, and the light still fell on his pale features. Then very slowly he stretched out his hands a little way.

"Who is there?" he asked in a whisper.

"Philip! don't you know me?" she answered.

Her voice was hardly recognisable, so much did she tremble. His hands fell down upon his counterpane.

"It is Penelope," he said, with a weary sigh.

"Yes, yes, Philip; didn't they tell you that I saved you from the fire? Didn't they tell you that I have been ill, or I would have been here to nurse you back to life? Oh, I thought just now that—that—"

She could not finish the sentence.

"I am better, Penelope. When I am well I will go away. I have been thinking it all over since I have been able to think. Thank you for coming to—to look after me."

The tone was very quiet, very simple; like that of a tired sick child who is weary of its life.

"Philip, Philip, don't say all that. Hush, don't hurt me; it does hurt me. Don't think

I have not suffered. Don't turn your head away. Philip, pity me; look at me."

But he did not turn his head towards her as he answered:

"Hush! don't wake the nurse. She is tired. It is useless now."

"No, no, don't say so; pity me. Look at me, and see—"

"I cannot see you, Penelope; I am blind. But I will not be a burden upon you. I will go away when they will let me. There is no cure for this blindness. It was the sudden— No—hush, don't say any more. My poor nurse has had a long watching."

But a low cry of pain was heard in the room.

"Blind, blind! Oh, Philip!"

She had gathered him to her arms once more, as she had done upon that awful night, and again she laid his head upon her breast. Perhaps the reason of it was not love nor passion, but the whole giving up of her life to him, the whole dedication of the remainder of her poor, deluded existence, as she sobbed:

"Oh, Philip, I will be your eyes; I will work for you always—always. Forgive me, forgive me, if you can, and pity me a little."

He closed his sightless eyes, and for a moment a pale flush of joy overspread his face, as he allowed his head to rest upon her breast. Then, almost immediately, he disengaged himself.

"No, no; I must not deceive myself again. Thank you, Penelope, thank you for being sorry; but, no, it is impossible. I must not be a lifelong burden to you."

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## HOME NOTES

AND  
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SHOULD CLOTHES HANG OR BE FOLDED?**—They last longer if carefully folded and put away. If dresses of elaborate make are required, plenty of thin paper should be laid between the folds, and the sleeves and bodice stuffed with paper to prevent creasing. If there is no accommodation for folding clothes away, hang skirts on two nails—the front part of the band on one nail and the back on another, so that the garment will hang straight out.

**MACARONI À LA MILANESE.**—Boil two ounces of macaroni, and drain away the water. Blend in a saucepan an ounce of butter with half an ounce of flour, then add an ounce of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of made mustard, salt and cayenne to taste. Stir these together, and add the yolk of two eggs, beaten with a tablespoonful of milk. Pour this into a saucepan, and then add a gill of light stock. Stir till it thickens, and then pour over the macaroni. Dust cheese over the top, and serve.

**LEMONS SHOULD BE KEPT IN EVERY HOUSE,** and if bought in quantities they may be kept by being tied on to a string and hung up, no two being allowed to touch each other. Another method is to wrap each lemon in paper, and keep them in well-closed tins.

**YORKSHIRE STEAK.**—Take one or one and a half pounds of beefsteak. Dip it into a mixture of flour, pepper, and salt, and then lay it at the bottom of a Yorkshire pie-dish. Slice two onions, and lay them over the beef, cover with flour and water paste, or a piece of greased paper, and let it bake for half an hour. Mix a teaspoonful of curry powder and two teaspoonfuls of vinegar in a cup of hot stock. Pour it over the beef, cover again, and let it bake gently for an hour and a half. Place the meat on a dish with the onions on the top. Thicken and flavour the gravy, and pour round.

**BACON KROMESKIES.**—Cut some very thin slices of bacon, about one and a half inches broad by two inches long. Lay the slices flat, and place a little minced meat, well seasoned, on each. Roll up the bacon tightly, taking care that the mince does not escape, and put aside in a cool place. To serve, dip each into batter, and fry a golden brown, and garnish with fried parsley. I believe this dish originates in Italy, where it is served with pieces of celery, dipped in batter and fried too.

**EIFEL CREAM.**—Procure a sponge cake which has been baked in a mould, and which is two or three days old, cut off the top, and scoop out the inside of the cake, leaving a wall of about an inch or an inch and a half in thickness all round. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in cold water, then place it over a saucepan of boiling water to dissolve, adding an ounce of sugar, and a dessertspoonful of lemon juice, whip half a pint of cream to a froth, and then stir in the gelatine and sugar, pour the cream into the cake, placing in it pieces of preserved pineapple, strawberries, or any kind of fruit that is liked. Replace the top of the cake, and ornament it with heaps of the cream.

**BUNIONS** may be treated by making the following application with a camel's hair pencil every day: Carbolic acid, tincture of iodine, glycerine, of each two drachms. Mix. If this causes too much irritation of the skin, oleate of copper applied in the form of a plaster may be substituted.

**A USEFUL TOILET-POWDER** for those who suffer from excessive perspiration: Powdered calamine, two drachms; finely-powdered orris root, one ounce; powdered starch, three ounces.

**TO REMOVE WINE STAINS FROM TABLE LINEN.**—Put an ounce of chloride of lime in a stone jar, and add gradually two pints and a half of cold water. Shake it well every day for a week, then let it settle. After about ten days pour off the clear portion into a clean bottle through muslin to strain it, and keep for use. When required, it may be used in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls of the mixture to six of cold water. The stains must be first wetted with cold water and then placed in the liquid, when they will disappear.

**TIPS ON LAYING LINOLEUM.**—While it is difficult to follow a system in fitting oil-cloth and linoleum, a few cardinal rules must be observed, and I venture to suggest them. In cutting linoleum from a diagram, allow an inch at the ends. If it is not to be laid at once allow also a fraction on the width, for shrinkage is probable both ways. Get the diagram correct to the fraction of an inch, so that if cutting must be done for centre pieces or register holes, it can be done before the cloth is laid on the floor. Smooth the floor by planing the planks. Do not try to make it even by laying strips of paper lining over unevenness in the floor. The future service of the cloth will depend upon the floor being perfectly smooth.

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

**FISH AND MACARONI** go well together, and the following recipe I find popular: Butter a pie-dish, and cover it with boiled macaroni cut into short lengths, then add a layer of cold cooked fish, continue the alternate layers till the dish is full. For about a quart of this mixture prepare a breakfastcupful of sauce as follows: Fry a little chopped onion in butter, add a large tablespoonful of flour and three or four stewed tomatoes. Season with pepper and salt, and strain over the fish. Cover over the dish with a layer of bread-crumbs, and bake about twenty minutes or half an hour. N.B.—Those who do not like tomato sauce with fish should substitute anchovy sauce, and they will have an equally good dish.

**CLEANSING GREEN VEGETABLES** thoroughly in spring and summer, is by no means the simple thing that so many people imagine it to be. The common idea is that by soaking either cauliflower or cabbage in salted water all the insects are drawn out; I have found that salt, though it kills insects, does not draw them out, and consequently they are often hidden in the vegetables, and are very often boiled, and sometimes even served with it! To avoid this catastrophe, it is best whilst cleansing vegetables to use two bowls. One should contain lukewarm water in which there is a little vinegar, and the other plain cold water. Divide your cabbage into three pieces, instead of the usual four quarters, and wash each piece separately in the warm water. Shake thoroughly, and then place in the cold water for five minutes, which brings up the crispness. Cauliflowers should be placed head downwards, and left to soak for at least half an hour in the cold water. If my suggestion is followed, the objectionable green insects will never be found lurking within the leaves of dressed greens. The same vinegar water may be used twice if a little hot water be added to it.

**IRISH MOSS JELLY.**—The necessary ingredients are a good handful of moss, juice of two lemons, one quart of boiling water, a glass of wine, quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and sugar to taste. The moss to be satisfactory requires washing in five waters, then soak it for an hour in as little water as possible. Pour the remainder of the boiling water on it, and simmer gently till thoroughly dissolved. Sweeten to taste, add the wine, lemon juice, and cinnamon. Strain into a mould, or several small cups, and set aside till cold.

**A TRAVELLER** in South Africa tells of a singular combat he witnessed. He was musing one morning with his eyes on the ground when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace. Pursuing him was a host of small ants. Being quicker in their movements the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head and bite and kill his tormentors. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body upon the field.

**SWEETBREADS.**—Sweetbreads require to be very carefully prepared before being cooked in any way. First soak them in lukewarm water to which a teaspoonful of vinegar has been added, changing the water two or three times, for an hour and a half. Then throw the sweetbreads into boiling water, and gently simmer for about seven minutes. After this cooking the flesh should be firm and round, but not hard. Then throw them into cold water for a quarter of an hour, wipe dry, and set aside till perfectly cold. After having been treated thus, sweetbreads may be cooked in a variety of ways for an invalid, as cut into slices and warmed in a well-flavoured white sauce. Another way is after cutting into slices to lightly fry the sweetbread, and then stew it very slowly in a thick brown gravy.

**CHICKEN BROTH** should be made, if possible, from an old bird, as it contains so much more nourishment, and all the necessaries for making good broth. Take a fowl, skin it, cut it up and lay in a jar with one blade of mace, half an onion, and a few peppercorns, cover it with cold water, tie a piece of greased paper over, and set in a pan of boiling water. Let it simmer for five hours, skimming well. Then strain, set aside till cold. Remove the fat, warm up, add salt, thicken with arrowroot and serve.

## HOME NOTES.

**HOW TO CURE CORPULENCY.**—The main feature of fat in the animal body has been made the subject of much spirited discussion; on the one hand, it was contended that satisfactory evidence exists of the conversion of starch and saccharine substances into fat, by separation of carbon and oxygen, the change somewhat resembling that of the vinous fermentation; it was urged, *per contra*, that oily or fatty matter is invariably present in the food supplied to the domestic animals, and that this fat is merely absorbed and deposited in the body in a slightly modified state. The question has now been decided in favour of the first of these views, which was enunciated by Professor Liebig, the very chemist who formerly advocated the second opinion. By a series of very beautiful experiments, MM. Dumas and Milne Edwards proved that bees feeding exclusively upon sugar were still capable of producing wax. Dr. Ebstein advocates the use of fat in cases of corpulency, while other doctors, as high up the ladder of medical fame, recommend lean meats, while others worry the unhappy victims of obesity by insisting upon administering copious draughts of hot water, fasting, a most pernicious practice, we believe. Although so much has been written on this subject by the learned foreigners of the medical faculty, we can approve of no theory so effectual in the reduction of corpulency as the one advanced by Mr. F. C. Russell, the author of "Corpulency and the Cure" (two hundred and fifty-six pages), an interesting little brochure which can be bought for six stamps, from the publishers, at Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. He goes in for facts and not fancies, and practically says, first ascertain your correct weight; then drink three doses of a vegetable compound, perfectly harmless, of a most agreeable flavour; then step upon a weighing-machine in twenty-four hours, and see if you have not lost two pounds or more of unhealthy fat. The book is well worth reading.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

**A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.**—Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled, "Corpulency and the Cure" (two hundred and fifty-six pages), and is a cheap issue (only sixpence), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House,

Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the "Tablet," the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a Marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days sixteen kilos—i.e., thirty-four pounds.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost eight pounds in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of eighteen pounds in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost two pounds in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—"Cork Herald."

**HOW TO REDUCE OBESITY.**—The corpulent will be glad to learn how to lose two stone in about a month with benefit to health, strength, and muscle by a comparatively new system. It is a singular fact that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. The "recipe" contained in the book "Corpulency and the Cure" (two hundred and fifty-six pages), can be had gratis from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by sending cost of postage, sixpence.—*Penny Illustrated Paper.*

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

LONDON is at the present moment in the hands of a huge crowd of our American cousins. Whether you "walk to the right, or walk to the left, or walk in the middle of the road," as the song hath it, the soft musical twang of the educated American falls pleasantly on the ear, and this is what brings me to the point of my remarks. This friendly invasion of Brother Jonathan and his relations is not new; we have become accustomed to look for it, and to welcome it at this period of the year. Hotels "on the American plan" have sprung up, and epicurean tastes are turning in the direction of buckwheat cakes, ice-water, clam chowder, and canvas-back ducks; but never, never since America in London at seasontide has become one of the institutions of the country, have our American visitors of the male gender had a real "Ammurican" barber saloon—a tonsorial parlour, where they can get "a dandy haircut and other dude fixings"—at their command. It has remained to Messrs. H. P. Truefitt (Limited), of Old Bond Street, to supply this void in our civilisation, and after the usual manner and custom of the celebrated firm, they have done it right well. I can't describe it better, perhaps, than to say it is an American Shaving Parlour, in every sense of the term, and of course, of the very best class. That elegant run of bevelled mirrors, with the artistically carved pediments and ornaments in black walnut; the cases with the nickel fittings; and those massive and truly handsome Columbian revolving and reclining shaving chairs, upholstered in rich red Morocco leather, is all native work—made in America, of American materials. The spacious cup case, a distinguishing feature of American saloons, is here, also manufactured of rich American walnut "en suite," and its many compartments are already beginning to be filled by the special shaving materials, sacred to the owner's use. "Compactness and completeness" would seem to have been Mr. Truefitt's instructions to Messrs. Osborne, Garrett, & Co., when placing the onus of turning out this "real Ammurican s'loon" in their hands. Space in London, especially that part of London known as Old Bond Street, is a commodity of the order of preciousness, and so it was no palatial hall that Mr. Truefitt had at command; but it was an admirable apartment in many another way—it was shapely, lofty, and rejoiced in a magnificent top light. And so the work was commenced, and to-day every one is complimenting Mr.

Truefitt on the perfectness of the success with which it has been brought to a completion. All good Americans, when they die, are said to go to Paris; but all good Americans come to London first, and I'm sure all good Americans who come to London will go to Messrs. H. P. Truefitt's (Limited) new saloon, there to luxuriate in tonsorial attentions by real American operators, under real American—and they are world-renowned—conditions.

**MARKING LINEN.**—The daughter of the late John Bond is justly celebrated for the marking ink which is manufactured in her name. It is most essential to get a good and well-known ink for marking linen, or probably all the trouble taken will be wasted, under the rigid course of washing adopted by laundresses. By sending for a bottle of this ink you will be compensated in two ways: Firstly, by getting the correct thing; and secondly, by a coupon which entitles the purchaser to their monogram or name rubber stamp. These stamps will last a lifetime, and are a marvel of cheapness and durability. The trade mark of this ink is "Crystal Palace," so do not get any other.

A VERY attractively designed Toilet Bracket has been lately placed before the public by a Birmingham firm, Messrs. Rippingille Brothers, of Samson Street Works. The size of the bracket is sixteen inches by ten inches, and being made in bronze it has a very neat appearance, is fitted with a roll of toilet paper with adjustable clip for refilling; a box for matches with striker; a bracket with socket for lamp or candle; a mirror, a receptacle for tobacco ash, et cetera, and a towel hook. The article with all its accessories is altogether very convenient and very complete, and bids fair to displace the somewhat clumsy articles of this kind which have hitherto been placed on the market.

**FOR POTATO CROQUETTES** take butter the size of an egg, beat it to a cream; add to it gradually two eggs, one teaspoonful of flour, one saltspoonful of salt, and six heaped tablespoonfuls of mashed potatoes which have been boiled and then peeled. Form this mass into sausage-shaped croquettes; dip them into beaten eggs, then in fine breadcrumbs, and fry in plenty of hot lard till a golden colour.

**APPLE ROLLY POLY.**—Make a suet crust, roll it out thinly, place slices of apple over it, sift sugar and grated lemon peel over the apple, roll up, pinch the ends very securely. Boil in a cloth, plunged into boiling water, and boil for two hours.



